ENGLISH WATERING PLACES. A Seaside City Which Nathaniel Hawthorne Frequented.

SOUTHPORT, Aug. 18.-The western coast of England all the way north from the city of Liverpool to the Solway Firth, which on the west marks the boundary between England and Sectland, faces an almost silent arm of the Irish Sea. The power of the tides in the North Channel and St. George's Channel is broken by the rugged shores of the Isle of Man and, with the exception of the tides of Liverpool on the extreme south and in the Solway Firth at the extreme north of this region, the waves of the sea reach the shore almos conscioning in rippies or calm. The en-tire shore line for all this distance—a shore line accounting for indentations, of nearly 200 miles—is nowhere fifty feet above the sea level. The sea is ever asleep beside it.

This is the Lancashire coast. It is a coast of endless and measureless sand. Behind it. level reaches of reclaimed land, with dykes of sod and whitewarhed peasants' huts, stretch far away to many towns clanging night and day with machinery, dense with human strivers. sudms with sort and smoke. To the east, a horizon line of chimney stacks. Then, nearer the ocean, a valley of truck farms. Then the shore line, a mass of low sand dunes, hiding a hundred sunny villages and towns; every one a nest of homes for shose who strive in the inand cities, or the holiday place for those millions who change the clatter of the mine drill and spindle for the song of the sea but one

bright day in all the scourging year.

Bouthport is chief of all the English west coast resorts. It is in fact the great north of England watering place. Scarborough on the east coast directly opposite, drawing from the Yerkshire towns for visitors, has greater antiquity, some interesting history, and is altogether quaint and beautiful; but being only a ummer watering place it cannot vie with Southport, New Brighton, Liverpool's Coney Island, at the mouth of the Mersey, is gayer and more rollicking. Llandudno, the famous north of Wales resort, is grandly beautiful. All the bright places like lifracombe, Bideford, and sweet Clovelly along the Devonshire coast have superior charms in scenery and in the witching wildness of cliff-hung coast. Southport exosts in the tenderness of its east, the soft breezes of its coast, and the transcendent splendor of its emileas golden sands. Besides, there are four or five million peoules so near it in Liverpool, Chester, Manchester, Wigan, Preston Burnley, Lee is, Bradisord and scores more of crewded manufacturing cities—that they can get to Bouthpe t and home again the same day for a railway fare of from two to four shillings each. And about all of them do that very thing whonever the meney can be spared. North Medis, in the Hundreds of West Derby, it is hardly a century old. It's founder was a Churchtown linkeeper, William Sutton. Rosynosed Bill'he was called in he old days, because his own good chee most prominently spoke its merits in his hearty old face. He was also called the "Old Duke," because of his lordly ways. At one end of Lori street he built a huge hostelry among the sand hills. This was named "The Folly" by those who were not so far-seeing as William. It soon happened that entomers were attracted to his inn by his famous grilled itsh and good cheer; just as epicures will go half the length of our land for those glorious "panked shad," that can be got, as the shad was designed to be cooked, only at a certain inn at Gloucester on the Delaware. A little hamlet of cettages so a sprang up round "The Duke's Folly," its owner was also the best fidder in all the countryside, and one night when some roystoring literary guests from Liverpool had been reveiling "in and heal," in a countvial moment over a bottle of rare old port, his house was named "bouth Port." And Southport the place, now of 50,000 souls, will ever remain.

The cottages first built here were white-washed and thatched, and with their bends of strubs and thowers gave an agreeable color to the some and place of fashion, the north of Wales resort, is grandly beautithe bright places like combe. Bideford, and sweet Clovelly along

beach, and the far-stretching dunes their frequent haunts och for idling and literary work. In each after muon inquiry of the oid felk of Southport, I am persuaded that the portion of "Transformation." written in England and necessary for the securing by Hawthorns of his English copyright was composed in the quiet retreats of the little lins hore. Perhaps it is largely a fanciful association of person and place but somehow, with Hawthorns in one's mind, the leafy city, as it is today, takes on the garb of our own Salem. The trim, pretty yards recall it. The long, elmshaded arenues, with the shimmer of the sea through their narrowing vistas, bring it to the memory. The wide, clean, sunshine-dappled yards, backed by prim houses, suggest it. Hundreds of "hipped" roofs, quaint gables, and ivy-haunted dormers reproduce its sooks. The half shouse, half shous hundreds of "hipped" roofs, quaint gables, and ivy-haunted dormers reproduce its nocks. The half houses half shows are like the bright settings peering out of many of the grim old house from so I Salem. And one loves to trace the liteness further—in the hush of the by-siree s, where country birds trill fearlessly; in the old lolk who saunter about the town as if they had naught on their min is but the making of codicils because of fancied slights, late meals, or overdone grills; in the savor of old sea waws and memories, not from rotting hulk—and wharves as at Salem, but in the rich sea Cantains who swagger her when their rheumalism will let them; and in the wild—vyed young lie that comes from the outer world to feel its pensive calim.

tism will let them: and in the wild-eyed young life that comes from the outer world to feel its pensive caim.

The carbous thing about the place to an American loiterer is the reversal of seasons here. To see the vast throngs at Southport during June. July, and August, the natural sonclusion is that these months come rise the season. On the contrary, the genuine season is during the remaining nine months. The rish live here during that time in their own homes. They are usually invalids, or families some members of which require the health-giving air that is said to prevail during the winter months. When the summer comes the real residents leave for the continental spacer for the locals and giens of Scattand. Then a population of at least 20,000 is entirely changed. Liverpool or Manchester shopkeepers or brokers, county cursues as pinche i allowances, and managing clerks with hollow eyes and chests "lot" the houses descred by the quality, and gain enough life and vigor for the rest of the year's struggle. These, with the "trippers" and excursionists, make up the population in summer. The shopkeepers serve them rather scornfully. But these fine shadings of distinction are willingly recognized and borne by summer tenants, and are never seen by those to whom one day in the year at Southport is the sole aspiration of a twelvemenths' saving. stenever seen by those to whom one day in the year at Southort is the sole aspiration of a welvemenths' saving.

Scenically Southort is win-ome rather than sirking. It would be ranked beautiful in itself were there no ad 'ed charm of shore or sea, its cool streets, reaching back countryward, are beautiful. Crossing these and run ing parallel with the shore, but shut away from it by a single great rance of sea-view baths parilloss and holes is one of the fluost avenues in Europe, it recalls Princess street. Edinburgh, the Paris boulevards, and the 'radio of Havans. This is the great avenue of shops and bazaars, of equestrian display, a sort of lotten low for brilliant equipages, and the grant promenade for beautiful women. With all its splendor it has a husbed and quiet air, ladeed, this pen-iveness is characteristic of the eatirs place. It is not languor, it is the sea air's bidding to rest. Something like it comes with the soft breezes in Fireda. In the Banamas, and with those nursoits breaths in Cuos and he Avores.

Exclusive of its seashore delights, the place

mas, and with those mirrotic breaths in Cuoa and the Across.

Exclusive of its seashore delights, the place is provide; with so many genuine attractions that the dearth of these is, our own watering places becomes a humiliating rejection. On land reclaimed from sand there has been made good the most exquisite purks in England. Its Winter Gardens, open all the year round, lis Winter Gardens, open all the year round, and affording various forms of entertainment and recreation, cost over half million dollars. A comparyatory and squarium, among the fine to fill Britain, as also here. Its Kew tracters are controlled to any city, Its Botanic Garden and Museum that salones worth a day's vist. It seems that in this extreo dinery royl-ion lies a suggestion of value, our own managers of creat resorts. There are variety and diversity in it. It minimizes the loading tennency in huge clowds which beget r wdylson, It pays because it increase he same poorle againg and again.

The city access the sea of the west. For three flour miles anomic firms are turn to be not maked a pavilions, reten to the north and south season to recall the season of the control of

he Aroras.

50,000 loungers and pedestrians, while from the sea-chaupel beneath it, excursions are made as far north as Barrow, as far west as the Isle of Man, and as far south as Liandudno.

To the right and left of the great tier is always to be seen the real holiday activity of Southport. The sands or lore-hore, as they are called here, are fully three-fourths of a mile broad. One could follow them, along this or greater breadth, for twenty miles to the south, and to the north all along the Lancashire coast and around Morecambe Bay on the north, a distance of more than 100 miles. I have never elsewhere seen as noble a reach of beach. It is rure sand, with no "shingle" and scarcely a pebble. To the left is a marine park within the sands, a salt-water lake within this, and all the grotesque shows inse arable from a great popular resort grouped beyond in a manner permitting the closest police-urveillance. To the right there is little but the sand and the sea. It is the playground of big and little children. A strandel brig, noright in the sand, adds to the picture. A fleet of sand boats—curlous, wide-tired wagons procelled by salis—course over this level plain. At the shore edge beyond are rows of ragged bathing wans, like an emigrant train in camp. D needs, and the search of the sand are everywhere, but not a single beggar is allowed in all the surface precious.

I love best to come to Southport when the great interior hives of industry beloch forth their thousands for a day's outing here, or the Lawashire and Cheshire miners come down alronger in numbers than any one of our single armies during the late civil war. That may seem like exaggeration. Only a few days ago I was one of ust such a crowd here at the black coal pits, but many of their amules. More than 100,000 of these sturdy folk were here—nearly as many souls as are housed in Rochester or Louisville—and all in one day. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

WHILE THE CANOISTS WERE IN CAMP. Echoes From the Late Meet of the Ameri-

enn Canoe Association, While Wellsborough Point was a beautiful location for a canoe camp, and possessed many advantages, yet it is not likely that the same spot will be chosen again by the American Canoe Association, as the means of transportation were very poor. Then, again, the winds fell far short of what had been expected and honed for by those who wanted a strong and steady breeze. The high mountains which surround the lake cut off much of the force of the breeze, and made what remained very puffy and uncertain. With the exception of the day of the Trophy race, there was not a single good wind during the three weeks of camp.
It is a singular fact that, while English ca-

noists cannot begin to obtain even a good place in the races of the American Cance Association, the Canadians come over the line and scoop nearly all the prizes. For the past gone to Canada, and now the A. C. A. paddling prize has gone there for the second time. This year, if it had not been for an accident to Rov Sweeney in the Record sailing race, the record of the association would have gone there too. The Canadians are by far the better paddlers and the chances are slim for Americans beating them under sall for some time to come. Paul Butler of Lowell certainly played in

very hard luck during the recent races on Lake Champlain. Butler had only to win the Perowsia Cup once more to be its owner, having won it twice before, but Jones beat him in the race. The singular coincidence is that by only a few lengths, in the afternoon of the beat Jones more than five minutes over the beat Jones more than ave minutes over the same course. Butler was the only man who ran a good chance of bringing the trophy luto the States again, but while launcoing his cance for this race a wave swept the cance against a projecting timber in the dock, and stove a hole in her bull which made it impossible for him to enter the contest. Butler's Bee, which was designed by himself and upon a sattle working a largery tracked to be a very

an entirely original theory, proved to be a very fast orait.

The Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. aroused much dissatisfaction this year by their total disregard of the wishes of the racing men and their poor indgment in the calling of the events. During the day of heavy wind they called almost all the paddling races, and during the calmest days they posted the important salling avents. during the calmest days they posted the Important sailing events.

L. W. Seavey of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club distinguishes himself every year by introducing something novel at camp. This year his idea ran in the direction of an enormous sea sorpent, which appeard swimming around the Point during the sailing of the trophy race. The serpent measured 140 feet in length, and was an excellent imitation of

years. The canoists were scattered some coming at one time, and others at another, con-equently there was not the same unity that has characterized previous meets.

Many canoists paddle without using rudders, but at the meet this year the rudder proved the proper caper, and it is probable that a number of canoists will adopt it. Knappe and Parsons lost the tandem race because they had no rudder, and the Toronto Canoe Club lost the cub race for the same reason.

cause they had no radder, and the Toronto Canoe Club lost the cub race for the same reason.

It is not likely that the fai of a general purpose canoe will be further developed or encouraged by the races at luture meets of the A. C. A. Several races were this year open to this class of cances only, and they were without exception total failures, so much so that the upset sailing race, which has heretofore been open to any canoe, and has always been well contested, had one entry only.

The members of the Lake Cnamplain Yacht Club received the canoists with open hands. Their club house was hrown open to A. C. A. canoists at all times, and in addition to the donation of special prizes, they tendered a reception to those in camp, which was a brilliant affair. The club sent a steamer to convey the canoists to and from camp to the club's regatts.

H. L. duick of Yonkers, who was so unfortunate last year at the meet, was again kept out of the Trophy race by the breaking of his ruider as he crossed the starting line.

The Canral Division this year had the choice of the has citation. Commodore and also the choice of the next camp site. At their meeting they were heartily in favor of Grindstone lained in the t. Lawrence River, and it is almost certain that the next meet will be held there. The river is wide at this place, and camping facilities are good. This would be the accond time that Grindstone had entertained the canoist.

William Van Duyne was nearly drowned during camp. He was crossing the ake to Burling they when overtaken by a sudden but potracted aguali, his canoe can size). The lake is nine miles wide at this point, and the accident imight have proved fatal had it not been for timely assistance.

TRACK WALKERS IN THE WILDERNESS Lonely Lives of Many Men who Guard the

Tracks of Continental Highways. After nightfall, along the 3,000 miles of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, no matter bow bare the prairie nor how wild or desolate the mountain or lake shore, any one standing on the rear platform can see every few miles a lantern in the hands of a track walker, who, after the train passes, resumes his duty along the track. It is a rule on this road that after the

Charles the Commission of the

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Passing of the Summer Girl. fit still, you throbbing beart! Sweeps swiftly out of sight! Not that she's not Out of sight, Every day in the year, But-That's another story! Oh, summer girl! Oh, fluttering vision Of the surfy shere!

Oh, symphony In silken shapeliness! Oh, skirten shimmer Of the rounding seas Oh. sweet resistions Naind Queen of Neptuneland! Oh. Empress of the Tallyho! Oh, goddess of the White-winged racht!
Oh, sorceress of the billeide inn Oh, rare pale Lily of the lakelet vale! And roseate as the dawn! Oh, hammocked hourt Of the haloyon days! Oh, goshelmity Summer girl! Why are you thus
To be reptember squelched,
And leave the beart that thumps To throb on in its Throbfulness, With nothing, save The memory of a Glinting gleam of glory

To lead up against. Until next summer's sweet supply Comes into market? Ob. dim. delicious dream! Oh, darn the luck! oh, summer girt, Au revoir! Ob. mamma!! The Old Home,

And the evening light on the old brick chimners slowly Children dreamed, in the herb-scented air, no end of waking dreams
Of those who had sat in the high-back shairs clad in

For many a year the gable glowed in the red of the pass

ing day.

comical things; Of the plated shoe buckles, the spinning wheel, the fiddle devoid of strings; as in the heimet and crazy calash, and bonnets wonderfully made. derfully made.

They danced about on the nut-strewn floor in half-fright-At night anugly tucked in a transle bed, their sleepy

eyes would rove
Where the moonlight glimmered on a warming pan, or revealed an old footstove. No furnace then in the meeting bouse, and of footstoves there was need those who couldn't keep warm enough by hearing the Calvin creed.

And in the cedar-roofed garres, they heard the sleet

on the dormer pane.
Or listened, in dreamy, lasy content, to the whisper and patter of rain; Then elept till they heard from the barn yard the morn-And the distant rooster's answers were drowned by the coffee mil'.

Below on the high, wide mantel, in festoonery quain and old.

The tall and the short brass candiesticks were polished to look like gold; There were the bright andfrons, and the bellows florally And a glass protected corner where the nice old blue

china lay.

And the charming old lady in snow-white cap, with tender, tender eyes! A boy's ideal of what one should be in relation to doughnuts and pies. By the kitchen door stone does she net stand, just as we saw her then, Pleasantly fondling a jealous cat and toesing crambe

The gate to the box-bordered garden elighed to with ball and chain; Such fruit and such flowers as grew there can never be grown again. There the feathery fennel flourished, by which grandmother set great store.

And the sunflowers turned in various ways, on the path from the gate to the door.

At the end of the gooseberry walk was the orehard of ancient trees.

Where orioles haunted the branches, and green apples

ab, me' it seemed that all must goon in just the accustomed way. In the drawsy bumb ebes stillness of the long ago mid-

Theories. From the Detroit Free Press, Once upon a midnight dreary A detective form-4 a theory A detective form-4 a theory
That a man was being mur-e-ed in the street a block
below
He could hear him loudly calling
As the wicked hows were falling
And his keen detective instinct told him ail he wished
to know

By the sound his car detected.
That the brows must be directed
man of blond compeyion, with a blue and gentle
eye.
And with leza little bandled.
Either right or else left handled,
between four feet els inches and six feet four
inches high. Fo he calmir sat and waited
The noise had all abased.
Then bestrolled as less to noise
There he met with Mrs. Leary,
Who herself had formed a theory,
For she saw the Byst between O Dooley's dog and
Grady's goat.

To Jessie's Dancing Feet, To Jessie's Dancing Feet,

Prom the Century

How, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art.
Do thy light foots spon, every one,
Uross and rerross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding masses turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
I hry seem the earth to appro.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something when you dance.
That serves to langle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes how.
Thy rot is a spin min to the control of th

How as the spider, from his web,
Dangies in tight suspense.
Do the aweet measures 'now and obb
sway may enraptured sense!
Thy neutring lace, thy dainty airs.
Thy swey charming pose—
There are no, more all uring snares
To bust me with than times.
Bwing on! "way on! With easy grace.
Thy withing also repeat!
The love! dare not—to tny fare—
Loder, at thy feet.
W. D. Ellw

W. D. ELLWANGER She Simply Conida't. From the San Prancisco News Letter. She could sing and she could play, the could sing and she could play, the could dance from night thi day, she could while the bursa way. So 'ile sail.

She could skale and she could paint, the could play the patron saint. But she couldn't and she wouldn't like a bed.

She could walk eight miles a day And p ay tennis cheronogly. Firture in a sucy wall. Little gramp. She could drive and play baseball, She could make a stylish call. But she couldn't and she wouldn't C can a lamp.

She could swim and she could row,
She could swarp have a beau.
And I'm sure that we all know
She was my.
She ould laugh and she could pranea,
She could play a game of chauce,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Make a ple. She could such and write a book, she could wanquish with a look, she could win by hook or crook, I confess.

She could sold and she could flour, she could sold and she could orn. But she could sold and she wouldn't have a dress.

She could take of church affairs.
But knew manhs of household cares;
built In sure that none compares.
With sweet Nan.
Even It she could to take.
Bread and pies and succioate
she enrytured and she ca, t.red.
A rich man.

The Mightlest Water Power. From the Chicago Daily Tribune. Roast not of the roaring river, Of the rocks its surges sulver. Nor of toronis over precipices hursed, For a simple little tear drop. That you cannot even hear drop. Is the greatest water power in the world. NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

An embarrassment of riches greets the New York playgoer this week. Noveities of note spread themselves before him in every section of the city, and, with the heat of summer not yet departed, nearly all the playhouses enter the lists to compete for plaudits and support. A quartet of theatres-the fashionable Lyseum, the popular Star, the reconstructed Thalis, and the historic Academy—open for the season, and at three of them the inaugural play is new to this public. A Broadway house, the Bijou, puts forward a new comedy that has gained a triumph in another city; a Bowery theatre has an unfamiliar melodrams, and a Harlem stage will be used for the local christening of a romantic play. Surely, there is variety enough in the outlook. To start the Lyceum's new season brilliantly.

Manager Daniel Frohman shrewdly combines the never-falling drawing power of Edward H. Sothern with the added interest found in a new play by Henry Arthur Jones, and so Sothern will appear to-morrow night in the first American performance of Jones's "The Dancing Girl." a drama that beld the London Haymarket stage 200 nights, causing diverse critical comment, but pleasing the London public immensely. This is Sothern's fifth annual engagement at the Lycoum. His visits are always pleasurable, because they reveal a constant improvement in his art, and because, also they generally result in the production of new plays of note. "The Dancing Girl" is Manager Frohman's own choice as an addition to Sothern's repertory, and he believes that the young actor will find an admirable rôle in the proligate Duke of Gusz-burg. All the preparations for the production have been elaborate. The house will be handsomely crowded, no doubt, and there will be keen interest in this test of a much discussed play. The Duke of Guszburg's infatuation for a dancing girl is the them. She is a pestry Quakeres, who without the knowledge of the parents, has been earning her living in London, under a different name, by dancing at evening entertainments. She is a fuscinating creature, and in the unfolding of the piot and the development of the characters. The author touches upon many vital questions of love and life. The conflict of good and evil, the crace of atonement, the redemption of a life on the brink of run through ultimate contact with the nobler conditions of life, are the element-which constitute the play—one that has aroused much discussion, because the author has submitted to dramatic treatment certain human phases with a bold hand, but with a lofty and dignified purpose. Sothern will be assisted by Morton Seiten, Augustus Cook, Rowland Buckstone, Odell Wilhams, W. H., Lope, Wright Huntington, Jensellott, Charlotte Daymer, and others. The scenary has been provided by Phy, and, of course, it will be excellent. The third act, with its climax of the Pusae's attempt at suicide, is aure o call for the full resources of the Lyceum until them. The stock company orem after his departure, playing Pinero's "Lindy Bountiful" for the first time in this country. they generally result in the production of new plays of note. "The Dancing Girl" is Manager ompany open after his departure. Indeed in inero's " i.ady Bountiful" for the first time in Pinero's " 1.nd this country.

The prestige of a marked success in two cities heralds "Niobe," which will be first acted in New York to-morrow night, at the Bijou. There is unwonted curlosity to judge impartially this trave-ty of American foibles by clever English pens, for though "Niobe" has met its best success in Boston and Philadelmet its best success in Boston and Philadelphia, its authors, Harry and Edward Paulton, father and son, are Londoners. Both have appeared here in comic opera, and both have present here in comic opera, and both have railed to excite unusual praise; but "Niote" seems to have developed a new era for them. The current of the play is ea-estially in the direction of farce; but it will no, be variety farce, and for that it will be welcomed. Its story suggests at once Gilbert'. "Pygmallon and Galatea" and Anstey's "Time I venus." The Paultons, however, seem to have utilized the best ideas in both of these works for they have placed their revivified statue amid contemporaneous surroundings, and enlivened the scenes with the bustic of American lite and humor. The cust at the Bloot names most of the players who were engaged in the long run of this piece at the Boston Museum. Carrie Turner is the Andr. W. F. Owen, Charles Coote, and Wash Melville are the comedians, and the list, they wise includes lashelle toe, Jessie Storey, Josie Stauffer, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Revel Germain, Mand Hall, and Arthur Falk-and Phall hashelle to confidently expected to run until cold weather. phia, its authors, Harry and Edward Paulton.

Mr. Moss's Star Theatre, which has been thoroughly renovated, will open its fall season to-morrow night with Roland Re-d as its initial star. This well-liked young comedian will then present for the first time here Sydney Rosenfeld's new comedy, "The Club Friend," which has recently made a decided success at the Boston Museum. The new play s of much more serious interest than any Reed has ever before appeared in. It is in four acts, with all the scenes laid in this city at the present day. As Naucesant Fibert, a "friend from the club." Reed has a part that affords him many opportunities to display his ability. The support contains William Davidge, a droil and original comedian; George F. Nash, well remembered for his work in the Jefferson-Florence casts; Isudore Russi, Percy Haswell, Julian Reed, C. A. Smily, and others, New scenery will help to make the come y attractive. Reed's engagoment is for three weeks.

temporarily have escaped recognition. The author's name is not announced. Two stars sustain the burden of the piece. One of these is James M. Ward, an old-time Irish comedian and avery good actor, who has not often appeared here in late years; the other chief player is a rrie Clarke Ward, a San Francisco soubrette, and a comparative, if not n entire novice on the Eastern stage. In California the Wards have recently become very much liked. New scenery, realistic effects, and a competent company are promised for "Through by Daylight" An ensuing attraction that is likely to crowd the People's is a brand new version of "Eat Lypne," in which Iva Mountford, a handsome woman and newerful actives, will play Lady Isabel and Maram Vine.

Brooklyn's increasing and thoroughly discriminating army of playgoers will find an excellent and wide range of entertainments in this week's programmes at the various local theatres. The popular Lee Avenu - Academy. in the Eastern District, will open for the season to-morrow with an admirable play in " A Fair Rebel," which has just left a New Fair Rebel," which has just left a New York stage after a month's brilliant run. Many changes have been made in the Lee Avanue this summer. There has been constructed a new box onice, in addition to the one of the past, which will be used for the regular sale of tickets, and the old one for salvance sales, such as by mail, messenger, tee. The loyer is laid in the, and bevel-edged mirrors have been put in different parts of the auditorium. The boxes have been remodeled and the drapery is of orange good and Indian slik. The prosecnium arch has been repainted and decorated in terra cotta colors. The stage has been enlarged to a depth of of feet. There has been added a brick building containing twelve dressing rooms, with all improvements, giving accommodations for 300 performers, and a large property room and furniture storehouse. The Academy will now compare lavorably with any place of anuscement in this country. At Col. Sinuis Park the change of play the week is to "The Power of the Press," which is likely to be carefully and ellectively performed by the new company organized by Augustus Pitou. This melodrama is especially praiseworthy in its pictures of some phases of local like. At the Star last season it was accopied as a real good thing of its kind. At Homes's Star Thearre, a popular-price house that is constantly caining supporters. F. r. Rose's drama. "Jim the Westerner," will be acted this week. It is not a border play, as its name would seem to indicate, but a story of Wall street and of New York men and women. Its author is an actor and stage manager. At huber & Gebhardt's Casino there will be the usual variety bill. stage after a month's brilliant run. Many

Harlem contributes the fifth new play to this week's rather long list. At the Columbus tomorrow night Lillian Lewis, a handsome woman and an actress of uncommon force and originality, will produce for the first time be-"Credit Lorraine." the work of Lawrence Marston, her manager. Miss Lewis has before this frequently won New York praise in well-worn plays. Her appearance in "Credit Lorraine" will be important, therefore, as testing her ability to create a rôle that is said to have many strong fea ures. Miss Lewis has used the play on her travels since last year. The story deals with the iamous Credit Foncier scandal in France during 1869, and the incidents revolve about the love and the incidents are company has teen reorganized. Hammerstein's second Harlem theaire, the Opera House, will open on Bept. 7. A week later Pauline Hall and her opera company will revive at the Opera House Offenbach's comite well-worn plays. Her appearance in "Credit

opers. "Madame Favart." which has not been heard here for years. The music is the lightest of Offenbachs, and will prove novel to theatregoers of the present day. Miss Hall, in the title role, will have great scope for acting and singing. She impersonates a French jea-ant girl, a waitress, a court lady, a soutest, an old countess, a Tyrolese peddler boy, and Venus.

The romantic, spectacular play, " The Soudan." which will be seen here for the first time next Thursday evening, at the Academy. seems certain of a long run at that his house if there is any meaning in managerial preparations. In the first place, the drama itself is to have an auxiliary force of 500 supernumeraries and an exceptionally strong cast headed Louis James. There are also three scenes by Louis James. There are also three scenes in the play, representing stirring events of the Soudan war, which, it is promised, will surpass even the famous irst act set of "The Old Homestead," In addition to this Gilmore & Tompkins intend pursuing the same policy which made "The Soudan" the reigning theatical sensation in Boston last year. Prior to the opening in that city over \$3,000 was expended in advertising, the lithographs and other printed mater being distributed in every town and suburtive within a radius of 300 miles. An extensive wastem of excursion trains was also arranged, which brought hundreds of visitors to "The Soudan" at every performance. This is also to be done here during the run of the play at the Soudan" at every performance. This is also to be done here during the run of the play at the Academy.

The immensely clever German Liliputians. who have been enjoying a vacation at Rockaway Beach, will take their last dip in the surf to-morrow or next day, for on Friday night they will go to work again. On that evening they will give the initial performance at the renovated Thalia, which has been transformed into a first-class playhouse. The best artists have been at work for weeks tearing down and building up the interior of this old theatre. which enjoyed for years the most liberal patronage of the public. The new lessees and managers. Carl and Theodor Resenfeld, have spent quite a sum of money in remodelling the house. It possesses now a perfect mechanical stage system. Only electricity will be used in lighting the house, and the chairs, carreis, and loxes will be of the fashionable style. In short, it will be a theatre not second to any as to beautr, perfectness, and confort, and there is doubtless a new era in store for this house, at which some of our greatest players have appeared in days gone by. The Liliputians will o en the season with a revival of the spectacular play. The Pupil in Magic." which made a wonderful record last season. New scenery, costumes, songs, and dances are promised to make this attraction worthier than ever, and, even for those who have admired the little artists and their clever work. The Pupil in Magic. Will doubtless be something in the nature of a novelty. The handsome and original ballets, the many topical songs, and the numerous other features have made. "The Pupil in Magic" stituctive for old and young, male and female. The piospects are, indeed, that the Liliputians' season will be prosperous. managers. Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld, have

On Saturday night next the opera troupe of young Mr. Askin will sing "The Tar and the Tartar" at Palmer's for the 118th consecutive time at that theatre. To mark the record properly-and it is a very creditable onehere will be souvenirs for the ladies and a litthe cast. And thus endorsed, "The Tar and the Tartar" will go forth upon the road, tolerably sure of success. Its departure will enable Palmer's to start its dramatic term. The first visitor will be Marie Wainwright in the ones familiar historical drama. "Any Robsart." The version to be presented here is founded on that made by Andrew Halliday for Adelaide Nellson. Such changes as have been made consist of restorations of Scott's text, and of the addition of one scene, which is in "Reniworth." but was not included in the original play. The scene of the death of Varney is expected to cause a sensation, because his fall from the bridge will be one of the highest ever made in this city. Richard Marston's scene, in which this action takes place, is, he says, the most elaborate architectural exterior he has ever painted. Some of the bulli-up towers are over forty feet high, and the back drop reaches to the paint bridge, more than fifty feet above the stage. The rie of Anny Rubsart is extremely sweet and sympathetic, and should admirably suit Miss Wainwright. She will have a chance, at any rate, to display much stronger passion than she could as Viola in "Twelfth Night." Her company includes a dozen theoreughly competent actors, "Alabama" is to follow "Amy Robsart."

"Wang" is now in its eighteenth week at the Broadway, where there is no perceptible diminution in the attendance. The belief that Do Wolf Hopper and his company will easily stay among us until October is justified by the warm greeting that is nightly extended to

Pauline L'Allemand's success in "Indigo" at the Casino is undeniable. The audiences all last week were very large and demonstratively enthusiastic, and it is plan that the Strauss opera will last until October at least. Then, if kndolph Arousson's present plans are fulfilled. Marie Tempeat will take her place on the Casino stage, while L'Allemand and the "Indigo" cast will travel for a while.

The Standard's rather unfortunate comic opera. "Fleurette," continues throughout this week. Then it may go on the road, if its projectors deem the venture safe. One of Julian Reed, C. A. Smily, and others. New scenery will help to make the come y attractive. Reed's engagement is for three weeks. The Rendals will follow, and they will in turn give way to "Miss Helps to In the Bowery the new thing is a melodrama, and it is of the local order, as most people could guess without much difficulty. It is called "Through by Daylight." The title sunfamiliar, but the play may have been performed elsewhere under another name, and so temporarily have escaped recognition. The author's name is not announced. Two stars sustain the burden of the piece. One of these is James M. Ward, an old-time irish comedian and avery good actor, who has not offer appeared here in late years; the other chief male role.

" Money Mad." Steele Mackaye's sensational play, which had an extended run at the Standard, will te presented at the Windsor to-morrow with all its realistic scenic and mechan-ical effects, including the drawbraice through which a steamboat passes. Si ce last season the manager has had new scenery painted. The cast icludes a number of well-known actors and actresses. "Work and Wagos" will be the Windsor's play beat week.

Two of Charles Fronman's companies, each excellent in purpose and effect, are now visible on the city stage. In a few days a third troups will take its place here, and before cool will take its place here, and before cool
weather a fourth and a fifth will be moneration. The "same" players at the Madison
Square continue to engage public favor, and
are quite likely to retain it a month or so
longer. The new commany in "Mr. Wilkinsens Wildows, at Proctor's, have started the
season there very brilliarity, and they probably will not be disturbed in their tenuncy
much before Oct. 5, which is the date now set
for the American test of Sardou's "Thermider," by another of Charles Frohman's
companies.

Innes's band, at the Madison Square Garden has been pleasing large audiences. The debut of Innes and his musicians brings into the musical field one more big organization for composition throughout the country, and, from what New York has heard from this band, it is safe to say that there is a welcome place for it. To-night Guillo, the French tenor, will make his last app arance, Miss Motz, Signor Imano, and other singers assisting in operatic compositions, among which will be the famous quarret from "ligoletto," the sextet from "lucia," and the gens of "Martha," A new march, composed by Innes, will be played. Innes can remain only one week longer, Anton Seidl and his orchestra come to the Garden ext week. debut of Innes and his musicians brings into Reginald De Koven, who enjoys the distinc-

tion of being an American composer whose works are accepted in England, arrived here during the past week. The prime object of De Koven's return from Paris, where he had been studying with Leo Delibes, is to look after the production of his opera. "Robin Hood," at the Standard on Sept. 28 by the Bostonians. De Koven is a New Yorker, born and bred, despite the fact that many public prints claim Chicago as the place of his birth. "I did not find that any London prejudice again-t Americans existed socially, but they did find it hard work to believe that an American could compose anything that we worthy of serious artistic consideration," said De Koven. The fact remains however, that the young composers opers. "Robin Hood," or "Maid Marian." as it was known there, ran four months at the Prince of Waless Theatre. It is a curious circumstance, too, that the manager of the theatre, Horace we ger, made the contract with De Koven without ever seeing him, and that the author's first ctort. "I son quitxote," was originally selected to be projuced. Later, however. Seiger decided that he would present "hobin Hood" first, which he did, with the result aiready stated. Although the English production was superb and the company embraced 150 people, De Koven said: "I heard the Bostonians in Robin Hood," and I must say that they rendered the music better than the English company." De Koven has written and had published songs since he has been abroad, and he says he has seudered from piratical music-vending.

firms, who appropriated his notes outright and without even the offer of compensation. De Koven relates that he wroe and sored." Robin Hood," 550 pages of music, in ninety days.

To-morrow night Manager Rosenquest and Joseph Arthur will replace on the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the scene of initial triumph, the latter's play, "The Still Alarm." Four years have elapsed since Arthur first offered for public approbation "The Still Alarm," with its sensational scene, and since then the play has earned for its author throughout the country a distinct reputation as a forcible dramatic writer, and has added not a little to his prosperity in other directions. About a strongly conceived story Arthur succeeded in crowding all the picturescue attributes and a few of the dangers of the fireman's life and that the play strikes a popular chord is evinced by the business done whenever and wherever it is presented. Besides new scenery, costumes, accessorle, and effects, when the picce is presented to-morrow evening it will be distinguished further by the introduction of a new fire engine, in exact duplication of the ponderous machines used in the metropolitan ire service, a pair of fresh horses, which will replace the old ones, and a number of new players. Of these George Fawcett, Jacques Kruger, Benjamin R. Graham, Nellie Yale Nelson, and Kenyon Bishop are the more prominent, M. J. Gallagher and Mrs. Salden Irwin, two of the original cast, will also be seen. The engagement is for a fortnight. Miss Nelson of the cast has been conspicuous in Brooklyn amateur theatricals for a long time, Her work in "The Still Alarm" will be her first professional effort. Fawcett has succeeded Harry Lacy as the hero. Jack Maniey, Clara Morris and W. J. Scanlan are coming to the Fourteenth Street very soon. has added not a little to his prosperity in other

Koster & Bial's is keeping pace with the town's early movement in the introduction of brand-new amusement features. Novelties are to follow one another in quick succession for the next month or so. This week's newcomer will be Carrie Belle, a singer and dancer of foreign note, who will make her American dibut to-morrow night. Much that is interesting will also be found in the first appearance in this country in several sensons of Harry Le Clair and Edward Leslie, a ciever and versatile sketch team. The French Toulouann Quartet remain, while Solomon's newest burlesque still pleases.

With the end of the dog days Pastor's begins its regular fall and winter season. The Howard Athenaum star specialty company has been selected as the inaugural attraction, and a better bill could hardly have been chosen. The appearance of some imported performers to-morrow night promises to be notable. Kara. juggler of wonderful expertness, and Ena a juggier of wonderful experiness, and Ena Berroldi, who walks unon her hands, head downward, while performing upon ladders, chains, &c., are expected to create a sensation. That popular pair of heal balancers, the Braatz bro hers, are to introduce a new and daring act, and favorites like the Allisons, Mehille and Stetson. Golden and Quigg. A. O. Duncan, Falke and Semons. Fulgora, and the Evanses will be conspicuous on the programme.

The dancers and the acrobats have gone away from the Eden Musée, yet that cool and popular resort is not without potent and enjoyable attractions. The Hungarian orchestra still furni-h delightful music, and there is plenty to interest and amuse in the waxwork collection, the mysiliying chess automaton, a well-filled picture gallery, and a most inviting tropical garden.

The near-by out-of-town out-door entertainments are doing exceedingly well these torrid days. Pain's pyrotechnic display a Manhattan Beach delights hundreds on five evenings of each week, while Kiralfy's brilliant spectacle at El Dorado Park is relished by large crowds on every propitious night. As afternoon adjuncts, Glimore's picked band furnishes a wealth of harmony by the sea, while Cornetist Levy renders charming solos across the Hudson.

Richard Mansfield has at last made definite announcement of a change in his Garden programme. On Thursday night, Sept. 17, he will produce "Nero," an historical tragedy written for him by T. Russell Sullivan of Bosion. Onto that date the siternation of familiar plays in Mansfleid's repertory will be continued. Sul-livan's treatment of "Nero" is chiefly original although he has drawn from the Roman his-tories and the Italian dramas of Cossa and Gazoletti. Nero is shown in his later days, in all his flerce cruelty, cowardice, vanity, and all his fleres cruelty, cowardice, vanity, and vice. Of course Mansfleid will produce the play cluborately.

"The Khedive." Niblo's inaugural entertainment, is booked to run two or three weeks onger. By that time it will have gained in briskness as the performers become more familiar with thir text and music. The opera is at times rather plensing, and it is at no mo-ment disagreeable. Early in October William H. Day's spectacle. "The Beautiful Star," will be produced. This is counted upon as Niblo's chief effort for this season. The preparations are very extensive and expensive, that is cer-tain.

Rose Coghlan and "Dorothy's Dilemma" will not quit the New Park's stage until Sept. 19. Miss Coghlan gains courage as the run of her new play lengthens, and she is now confident that it will serve her acceptably on tour. The the important productions of the early senson | Park has a novelty in store for Sept. 21, in the shape of John J. McNally's farcical play." Boys and Girls." a sportive satire on the athletic craze. The Leopolds English acrobats and comedians who were here about six years ago, will have the chief rides. Ignacio Martinetti will also be conspicuous in the cast.

An admirable impersonator of rough but whole-souled Irishmen. Daniel Sully, will make his city reappearance this week at the "The Millionaire." Grattan Donnelly wrote, and Lean ler Richardson improved, for Sully. This star has been steadil, making friends wherever he may travelled in late years, life new company names several capable actors, and there is a purety of an accurate and pictures que seenic treatment of his play, which is recalled as interesting and rather clever.

"The Black Masque" will not be on view at the Union Square after this week. It goes hence to Brooklyn, and after that it may travel further, but there is no certainty as to this, for there are hints that the play's financial sponsors will withdraw their support. Next week the Union Square will have the first New York test of a musical comedy called "Eight Bolls." a sort of Haniaa brothers' show, with the English Byrne brothers as the live y funmakers. This venture is put forth by Primose & West, the rich minstrels. On the road last season it was quite successful. After "Eight Bells." Bill Nye's work. "The Cadi." will be produced, and in it Thomas Seabrooke will make his debut as a star comedian. "The Cadi." is expected to run three or four months. If it doesn't the laugh will be on William. sors will withdraw their support. Next week

At Jacobs's Theatre the new play of a two weeks' engagement of the more important plays promises to work well in the case of "Cruiskeen Lawn," the current attraction at the popular Third arenue house. It continues this week, and on Sept. 7 it will be followed by a change of bill. Manager Eugene Tompkins of the Academy

of Music firm of Gilmore & Tompkins said that their big theatre would be devoted, of necessity, to big productions. Of the first of these pieces for the season he spoke as follows:

"The Soudan' will be grandly produced. The piece has fourteen scenes, most of them revolving. The chief characters are first introduced in a garden, which surrounds a beautiful country house in England. Here Capt. Tempie is convinced, by arruilly arranged circumstances, that his wife is in love with another, whereupon he casts her off and joins his regiment, about to start for the Soudan. The curriain on the second act reveals the law office of his cousin, who is interested with him in a legacy left to his son. If the son dies it is to be divided between the two cousins. When the hero departs for Egypt he leaves his affairs in the hands of his cousin, with the injunction to obtain a separation. The man of law obtains a divorce, instead, and the consent of the court to take the child from the mother. The wails of the law office part and swing aside, revealing a dispidated place known as 'Stonefield Farm,' where the boy has been put for asic keeping. Here Wailie Eddinges has a very interesting scene with the stolen boy, helping the mother to get possession of her child and escape. The third act brings the action back to the law office, where it again draws apart, showing one of the many beautiful country roads in England. To the right in the foreground is a trim little parsonage, where Mrs. Temps and child at last find friends. The rise of the curtain in the fourth act places the audience in the heart of the Soudan, at midnight. The British soldiers are sleeding on the desert sands. The wronger husband is rending a letter describing the pint against his home and traving the immediate against his home and traving the immediate attack and capture a fort, planting their standard on its ruined wails. The next scene is the famous Tratalgar square. London, where hundreds are crowded together to welcome the return of the victorious guards. The fifth act has an number of interesting scenes, and ends at the heatful. these pieces for the season he spoke as follows: 'The Soudan' will be grandly produced. The act, with all wrongs righted, and everybody

happy. So, you see, we are going to use the whole of the spacious stage of the Academy."

An actor stood on a shady corner of Broadway one morning congratulating himself that he was alive. He was dressed rather warmly for the season, and his hat needed renovating. Just as he was wondering whether he would fifteen cents that he singled fondly about in his trousers' pocket, he espled another actor coming toward him, a fortunate, elegantly attired young man, who is playing a summer engagement, and dines every day.

Say, where did you get those trousers?" he asked of this latter complacent personage, as he and his diothes drew near.

"London," was the repty.

"Well, they look like Waukesha." said the

"London." was the reply.

"Well, they look like Waukesha." said the first actor.

The well-dressed man smilled and passed on, but was soon halled from a doorway by a talk, cavernous-jawed tragedian, who shouted? "Say, where did you get those trousors?" "London." was again the spiy.

"Pretty tough, ain't they?" said the tragedian. "I've seen 'en like that in the one-price stores out in spokage Falis."

The young actor began to look disturbed, but he passed on. A little further along an undersized comedian espied him from the opposite side of the street, and came hurrying over, crying: "Why, my boy, how lye do? Bay, where did you get those trousers?"

London. the other softly answeled.

"No?" explained the comedian. "Well, they look more like Sait Lake City."

By this time the prosperous netor was annoyed. He kent on his way, only to be stopped in suck succession by four more impecuations trousers and then assured him that they were vey had style. At last he turned and walked up town again, and when he reached the corner where the first actor had hailed him he found that Justy and disconsolate individual still there, wondering whether a shave or drink would be the better lifteen-cent investment.

"Look here," said he, going up to this purgled and needy person: is it a fact that these trousers of mine are bad form:

"Oh, the worst I ever saw, my bey," was the reply. "Not up to your style at all. Now, I need a pair of trousers pretty badity, but, really, I wouldn't—ves I would, though. I must stife the eastidious notions of mine, Yes, I would wear those trousers, though I should hais to. But you! Oh, take 'em off, if you value your reputation."

The actor looked at the speaker sadly, and then taking him by the arm, sail: reputation."

The actor looked at the speaker sadly, and then, taking him by the arm, sati:

"Come on up to my rooms and I'll give you these trousors. I goess they must be pretty bad from the unanimity of condemnation that they have provoked. Come along."

The needy actor went, and a little later he received the congratulations of his friends who had a sisted him in disgusting the original owner of the trousers with his property.

"Ain't they beauties." he exclaimed, nosing in front of a barroom mirror. "Oh I spotted them a week ago, and i had to have 'em-original die! And I've got 'em!"

At the Dime Museums,

The opening of Worth's Museum and Theatre yesterday was quite an event. The house is spick span new inside, the decorations of the principal theatre being in exquisite taste. Prof. Worth's return to his lecture on his remarkable collection of curiosities was pleasing. In the curio halls, Wilson's new scientific illusion, "The Developing Skull," and the "Phane tom Boat and Living Head," puzzled while they pleased. The performers in the smaller theatre were led by Cook and Howard, Bir Alexander Cooper, the English Golista, attracted much attention. In the large theatre

tracted much attention. In the large theatre the Reed Birds appeared in a new sketch, and Tom Hefron the one-legged song and dance man, and Miss Perault, balladist, were among the entertainers. Prof. Hickey's or-nestra gave general satisfaction. The usual concert will be given to-day.

The borts establishment, Eighth avenue and Twenty-seventh street, will this week present a series of entertainments deficult of duplication. First in the curio halls are the coorese colossus, Eliza: Smith and his trained goats, the cannibal queen: Lorenzo, the fire eater: the Circassian Odalisque, and Merline in masic. In the theatre, Fanny Herring and her company play The Fride of Leadville, one of the wild West series of productions, Shearer and Mantel's comedy company and Prof. Mack's specialty company are added this week.

Prof. Mack's specialty company are added this week.

The patrons of Huber's Palace Museum this week will see some tun. Two large cinnamon hears, performed there by a couple of Hussians, proved the hit of the season. They will be seen again this week. In the wrestling contests, which occur there every afternoon and evening, the bears show a decided determination to get the best hold, and, once having that, to maintain it tagainst all odd. This exhibition of brute force against human cunning often leads to launhable incidents. The bears look very crestislien when they are thrown, but they win about as many matches as the keepers. Anty Hull, the man who makes his living by breaking granite stones on his head with a sledge, will be there also, and so will a small army of specialists and franks from all over freakdom. The stage company is headed this week by Sheehan and

PURGING GREENWOOD LAKE.

A Process Which None Understands, but

Which Several Try to Expiniu. GREENWOOD LAKE, Aug. 29.-It is a wonder that the fish in Greenwood Lake bite at all just now. The lake is "purging," at least that is what the natives call the peculiar condition of the water. Looking down into it from a at the water appears to con ties of corn meal or oatmeal. This condition is noticed at certain periods every summer, but never before in the memory of the oldest native. John Finnegan by name, has the purging been so extensive or the water so obscured. He says that it will soon be over, because the 'purge" is coming to the surface. It is rising certainly, and yesterday large portions of the surface were streaked with wide yellow bands, in which each boat left a bright green wake.

The tane of the whole lake riewed from the shore is a pronounced yellow. Only in the deep shadows of the trees does it appear in its natural green. It is so obscured by the minute floating particles that it is impossible to see beneath the surface more than a foot or eighteen inches. The foreign matter is poised in the water, and is thickest within two feet of the surface. Each particle is a little yellow ball, smaller than the head of a pin, and having at the core a minute green spot. In

the surface. Each particle is a little yellow ball, smaller than the hoad of a pin, and having at the core a minute green spot. In a single drop of water taken from the lake by the writer yesterday were eighty-four of these balls, varying singlicity in -to. They seem incapable of voluntary motion, but drift idly about with the slightest motion of wind or wave. When the weeds hey pads, or stumps form obstructions, they gather in a yellow seem on the surface, and the shores are marked by accumulations drying in the sun and driving out a musty odor.

"What is it?" is a question asked by every visitor at the lake who first observes the phenomenon. "Purging," is the only answer, and that is a far at the natives or one in a thousand of the old frequenters of the lake can ever get. The one man in a thousand insists that the little par feles are the spores or seeds of the water plants which are more than usually abundant in the lake this year, while a quiestiff of the old frequenters of the lake and looks was, says that each particle is a complete organism—a microscopic align bred by the hot sun in the shallow parts of the lake, and following its desirny, which is to live a short life, distribute germs of align yet to come and finally perish on the surface and the shore.

The water mark of ordinary summers and is still receding, the dramgin through the gate in the dam to supply the Morris Canal being large and constant and the rains few and light. The water weeds have flourished amaxingly in the shallow water under the hot sun, and being large and constant and the rains few and light. The water weeds have flourished amaxingly in the shallow water under the hot sun, and being large and constant and the rains few and light. The water weeds have flourished amaxingly in the shallow water under the hot sun, and being have such as a concept of roots. In this manner several new and hideous islands have appeared during the summer and have made navigation dangerous.

Despite all this the bases keep on biting. The samily burst t

A Piensing Illusion

Because they were more durable Mes. Calliper had bought table knives with metal handies. She almost feared that Col. Calliper might not like them, but the Colonel seemed rather to be pleased with them. "They are," he said. " just such knives as I have eaten with in many restaurants. To eat here at home and with a knife like this is aiment as good as eating two meals at once."